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#### Amana the Church and Christian Metz the Prophet

By Mrs. B. F. SHAMBAUGH

To the casual visitor Amana is simply a group of seven old-fashioned villages, picturesquely located in the valley of the Iowa River and surprisingly prosperous for a community which is apparently so "behind the times". To the student of social philosophy it is known as the most successful experiment in communism in the United States—the nearest approach in our day to the Utopian's dream of a community of men and women living together in peace, plenty, and happiness, away from the world and its many distractions. To the business world it is a thriving manufacturing center in the Middle West, best known for its woolen mills and its calico printing works.

To the villagers themselves with their aversion to mixing "philosophy and human science with divine wisdom", Amana with its villages and vineyards, its gardens and orchards, its mills and factories, its twenty-six thousand goodly acres, and its eighteen hundred members is the visible expression of the Lord's will—"the blessed continuation of God's

mercy". The establishment of its seven villages, the growth and development of its varied industries, the success of its system of communism, all these are incidental to the life and thought of the Community: its chief concern is spiritual. Born of religious enthusiasm and disciplined by persecution, it has ever remained primarily a Church. And so the *real* Amana is Amana the Church—Amana the Community of True Inspiration.

As a religious movement the Community of True Inspiration traces its origin to the German Mystics and Pietists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Its rise was one of the numerous protests against the dogmatism and formality that had grown up in the Lutheran Church. As a distinct religious sect the Community dates from the year 1714 with the writing and teachings of Eberhard Ludwig Gruber and Johann Friedrich Rock, who are regarded as its real founders. Together these "heroes of faith" formulated and improved the doctrines of the early Mystics and Pietists-particularly of that little branch of the Pietists which arose during the last quarters of the seventeenth century and whose followers are said to have "prophesied like the prophets of old" and were called "Inspirationists".

Gruber and Rock believed profoundly in the inspiration of the Bible; but they also believed in present day inspiration. "Does not the same God live today", they argued, "and is it not reasonable to believe that He will inspire His followers now as

then? There is no reason to believe that God has in any way changed His methods of communication, and as He revealed hidden things through visions, dreams, and by revelations in olden times He will lead His people today by the words of His Inspiration if they but listen to His voice."

In the Community of True Inspiration as founded by Gruber and Rock, divine guidance came through individuals who were regarded as especially endowed by the Lord with the "miraculous gift of Inspiration". Through these instruments or Werkzeuge the Lord testified and spoke directly to His children as He spoke to the children of Zion through the prophets of Israel. The Werkzeug was "solely a passive instrument in the hands of the Lord." This is still the unique fundamental doctrine of the Community, although there has been no Werkzeug among the Inspirationists for thirty years.

From the time of Rock and Gruber the Werkzeug has usually been accompanied by an especially appointed Scribe who faithfully recorded "from day to day in weal or woe" all that was said by the Werkzeug while under the influence of the Spirit of Inspiration. There are preserved in the archives of the Community thousands of pages of these recorded testimonies in manuscript. From the beginning collections of these testimonies have been made according to "the dictation of the Lord and the decision of the Brethren" and published in volumes of convenient size and distributed among the faithful.

They are regarded as of equal authority and of almost equal importance with the Bible. And the reading of these testimonies, old and new, has always been a part of the religious services of the Community.

Since the Inspirationists believe that the Lord has ever revealed His will directly to them and "gives today as He did yesterday, the same assurance through which the prophets and apostles were certain that the Spirit of God spoke through them and urged them on", a rigid orthodox creed would be contrary to the theory and spirit of True Inspiration. "I will reveal myself ever more powerfully, holier, and more glorious in and among you", reads an early promise of the Lord, "as long as you will bring forth to meet me the honest and sincere powers of your will." To keep this covenant "faithfully and sacredly" has been of more consequence to the Community than the formulation of a church creed.

Such is the simple faith of Amana the Church—the faith that sustained the Community through years of persecution and trial in the Old World and through years of suffering and sacrifice in the establishment of "a dwelling in the wilderness where there was none" in the New World—the faith that has kept the Community clean and fine through prosperity as well as adversity and has made Amana unique in the history of communism.

The Community of True Inspiration has had many a "well founded Brother" who has given to it the

impulse of his personality. Many good Brothers have given to the service, at critical times, freely of their means, of their business insight and experience. and of the labor of their hands; but it is to the religious genius and practical organizing statesmanship of Christian Metz, "the highly endowed and specially favored Werkzeug of the Lord", that the Community owes its greatest debt. Christian Metz was without question the most remarkable personage ever connected with the Community. He became "prepared for the service of the Lord and the Community" in Germany during the "Reawakening"the historic revival of the Community in 1817. He was "recalled from the field of his endeavor" in 1867, six years after the establishment of the last of the seven Iowa villages. During this half century Christian Metz was not only the spiritual head of the Community but, as his faithful Scribe relates after his death, "in the whole external and internal leadership of the Community the Werkzeug had to bear the bulk of the burden and care." And the records show clearly that throughout these eventful years his phenomenal gift of organization was always abreast his religious enthusiasm.

It was Christian Metz who first conceived the idea of leasing estates in common in Germany as a refuge for the faithful; and while the original intention had been to live together simply as a Christian congregation or church, Christian Metz foresaw that a system of communism would be the natural development of the mode of life which these people had been forced to adopt. And in the very beginnings of their life in common on these old German estates Christian Metz foresaw that exorbitant rents and unfriendly governments would one day make it necessary to find a home in the New World "where they and their children could live in peace and liberty".

Some years ago I looked out over these old German estates from the ruined tower of Ronneburg castle. This imposing old castle—the home of the "old defenders of the faith"-commands a view of the country for many, many miles. The friendly keeper called my attention to eleven Dorfen in the distance, and apologized for a gathering rain which obscured "oh so many more". Then he pointed with pride into a mass of clouds where "one could see Frankfurt on a clear day with a field glass". But I seemed only to see beyond the mist the beautiful Amana of to-day with its villages and vineyards, its gardens and orchards, its fields and pastures and meadows "where all that believed were together and had all things in common"; and I seemed only to hear in the rising wind the hum of Amana's varied industries "where each was given an opportunity to earn his living according to his calling or inclination". My thoughts were of Christian Metz, the young carpenter "who kept these things in his heart and pondered them over". And I felt the solemn gladness that "God in His great mercy" had granted to his gifted Werkzeug years enough to witness the fulfillment of "His gracious promise".

Sincerely and most devoutly do the Inspirationists believe that "in all these important undertakings and changes" the Lord "ordained and directed" everything through His Werkzeug. And of the sincerity of the work of Christian Metz there can be no doubt. His writings reveal the fact that he felt deeply the responsibility of his high office. He was constantly guarding against "subtle self love and one's own wisdom" and striving for "an absolute surrender and abandon to the fathomless abyss". To one of the Brethren, "a still living witness", he wrote regarding the proposed removal to America: "The strong God can do and bring about whatsoever He will; what is required in all weighty matters is complete submission to and faith in God."

From the year 1823 to the time of his death "a period of five times nine years" there came to the Community through Christian Metz three thousand six hundred and fifty-four testimonies, besides many beautiful "outpourings of the Spirit" in song and rhyme. These testimonies of Christian Metz vary in length from a few sentences to several hours in duration, and in content from admonitions to lead a holier life to explicit directions for carrying on the temporal affairs of the Community. But by far the larger number are of a high spiritual order and have a beauty and a majesty that make them worthy of a place among Inspired Literatures.

Many of the finest of Amana's remarkable "Collection of Old and Newly Selected Spiritual Songs" were written by Christian Metz. Some of them reach a high plane of emotional exaltation and are used as prayers in the religious services of the Community. Others are written in the manner of the Psalms and are chanted by the congregation without instrumental accompaniment. It is a quaint and altogether charming blending of the Gregorian chant and the old Lutheran hymn tunes which is very in-To the "worldly minded" the Psalter-Spiel of Amana, with its quickening melody and sweep of rhythm, with its exalted poetry and profound emotion, is of a distinctly higher order than the hymn book music ordinarily found in the churches of "the world".

Throughout his "fifty years of effort and labor" Christian Metz strove for simplicity and sincerity in religious expression. The Community was constantly admonished to eliminate all that is formal and bound to the letter. "True Christianity", he records in his Tagebuch, "will ever remain a secret to him who practices only the empty form. Genuine Christianity is so humble, so lowly, and so simple that the child's mind comprehends it."

Life was to Christian Metz "not a passive contemplation of great realities and ends", but a never ending battle against selfish and private purposes, spiritual apathy and indifference, temptations, offences and provocations, pride and vain glory, and human arbitrariness. "Be earnest and brave and be ever on your guard", was his warning to the Community. "Drive the enemy on all sides off the field and keep close watch that Satan be deprived of all advantage." He pleaded with a fine directness and dignity of speech for purity and honesty in thought and deed, for the prayerful spirit and the collected mind, for the spirit of humility and for selfless meditation, for a sincere spiritual striving and a consciousness of individual responsibility in the work of God's mercy, and for a complete surrender to the Good. All these were to Christian Metz as essential to life as pure water and fresh air and were quite within the possibility of human attainment. Such were in truth the purposes of the "earthly pilgrimage".

There is, to be sure, nothing startling or unique in the "chief essentials" of the doctrine of the Community of True Inspiration as revealed in the testimonies of her Inspired Prophets. It is, in the main, a doctrine as old as the world and as modern as the religious philosophy of the twentieth century. Each age has expressed it in its own idiom, but the "essence", as Christian would say, "is one and the

same, eternal and everlasting."

It is Amana's living, working faith in its own ideals and its own destiny that is unusual. To be "a church always even in our every day life" is to be different in this age of business preoccupation and worldly prosperity. And in this difference lies the secret of Amana's serenity and its pervading atmosphere of peace.

#### The Venus of Milo

#### By Lewis Worthington Smith

This is the wonder of womanhood born of the sea, Fresh from the wash of the waves. From a heart pulsing free

Out of the thwartings of earth and her duller intents, Here the sure hand carved the ultimate splendors of sense.

Gods of the flesh and the spirit we shape as we may, Out of the clouds or the flame or the wood or the clay, Joy on their faces or writhings of hideous rage, Power in majestic effulgence or wisdom of sage.

This was your glory, O sculptor, to find the flesh sweet.

Bearing your spirit enfranchised on earth-treading feet.

There at your bench as you chiselled and threw the chips by,

Yours was the problem eternal. The care of your eye

Rounded the shoulders and breasts in a fullness of life,

Glad of the raptures of sense. You were calm in the strife

Waging forever to trouble the poise of the soul, Swayed between use and abuse, between portion and whole. This is the height of all being, to pluck the fair fruit, Eat of its fairness and toss down the core to the brute.

Here you have fashioned us beauty, the dust made divine,

Grasped the great good, and its grossness known how to decline.

We are your kindred, O sculptor; the centuries lie
Dimly between us. The monk and the courtesan vie
Age after age, making life either desert or hell,
Tossing man now to his lusts and again to his cell.
Only to-day once again have our spirits laughed free,
Only to-day have our eyes grown full-visioned to see
Beauty and good in the shapelessness hewn out of
earth,

Breaking with hands of sure wisdom its dross from its worth.

Here you have shown us in marble how flesh may be fine,

Freed from all prurient passions, yet eager as wine.

Buried at Milo! The world turned to chaos again, Waiting the hour when your soul could rekindle in men.

Thousands of years wrought their changes before we could stand

Mate of the strength and the fullness here born from your hand.

Now, O my sculptor, the greatness and poise of your art

Live once again in a world with a heart like your heart.

Steady of hand, clear of eye, sure of choice, we at last Walk through the ways of the world, free of soul in the vast,

Gods of the flesh with the instincts of earth like your own,

Chiselling beauty and life from the obdurate stone.

#### The Prairie

By WALTER J. MUILENBURG

The prairie lay dreaming in the warmth of early summer. Level, monotonous, it stretched away until its green became drab in the far distance. It was alive, and yet lifeless; full of color, yet colorless; intangible mystery lurked in its contrast, a mystery of light and shadow and tints. Strange, dreaming, lovely, it lay beneath the intense, blue sky. Underfoot, the ground was bright with young grass and flowers, through which the light wind rippled soundlessly. It was only when earth and sky met and their colors merged that one caught a hint of the wild power of the prairie, its sweep, its changelessness, its passive cruelty and callousness.

But John Barrett and his wife, newly-married and filled with the sense of dominant power which ani-

mate life feels over inanimate life, had thrown the challenge to the prairie. Even now, on that summer morning, their sod house stood out bravely in the silent sunshine. About it lay a wide circle of vivid green, half-grown crops of grain which were to supply the necessities of their pioneer life.

They had come from the East. The village where they were born had early labeled Barrett a "ne'erdo-well" and when he married Lizzie Delton it has passed final and irrevocable judgment on both. He was shiftless, a rolling stone, while she—oh, she was only one of the Deltons—a colorless, undersized woman with lack-lustre eyes.

After his sudden marriage, Barrett was seized again with the desire of change. His wife agreed, unquestioning, devoted as a faithful dog. Married life seemed stimulating to Barrett. They would emigrate into the prairie and win an easy life from the unplowed soil. His eyes glowed.

"Why, Lizzie, it'll be fine! Us, alone, out there together, a nice little house, farming on the side, we can raise some stock—it'll be great! And then, if we want to, we can always go to town for a visit and stock up."

"I guess it's all right, John—just as you say." Her face remained blank, but her hands clasped and unclasped almost eagerly.

Barrett was uplifted by her dependence, and an injured pride came into his voice, "We'll leave this little burg for good. They talk too dam' much

about us. If we make good, they'd hate us; if we lose out, they'd laugh."

A week later they were on the way in an old, canvas-covered wagon. As they went out of civilization, the woman's face changed; a hint of color came into her cheeks and an occasional smile touched her face with a twisted beauty. Her husband felt her animation, her unfolding charms.

They reached the prairie in early spring. It invited them in its soft, wandering colors. The woman, as she breathed of the mellow air, heavy with the odor of earth, grew more alive; sometimes she laughed at her husband's dry humor. The prairie lay before them, unscarred by trails, and they rambled leisurely over the soft grass, finding a pleasant excitement in the fact that their home might be just past the next swell of ground. They were in no haste to find their home. To wander about the prairie was mysterious, romantic. The days were dreamily warm, the sky deep-blue, the meadowlark's song quivered continually; and, beyond this, was the lure of the tinted horizon, most mysterious when night came on. It came slowly always, the air dimmed and the immensity of the earth gained emphasis by sweeping breeze and by the twinkling vastness of the dark sky.

Late one afternoon they came to a small river. After camping there, they decided to make a home on its banks. A few days of hard work, the woman helping, and the sod house was complete. Next, they turned up the black prairie soil and sowed their grain. Everything promised success. Some impulse of life seemed to come to them from the depths of the earth. It was a paradise for the man and the woman.

"If it'll only last," she said, hesitatingly, one evening at supper.

The man laughed.

Then over the prairie two months passed. The softness of spring widened into the fiercer heat of summer. Not a drop of rain had fallen for two weeks; the man's face shadowed as he watched his crops. And slowly the heat became more intense. The man began to curse under his breath. Then, as the heat of mid-summer grew, the iron soul of the prairie bared itself to them. Grim, silent, it seemed waiting, with torturing patience, to achieve some master-stroke of tragedy. The man, longing for rain to save his crops, became morose with helpless anger. The crops withered slowly, drooping for the water which the soil could not give. Beauty brooded over the prairie. The sky was blue in the early morning, white at noon, and brilliant at sunset. But no clouds.

As time passed, a change came in the man and woman. They began to give themselves up to sudden heavy silences, their talk was listless; when they smiled there was no spontaneity. The grip of the prairie seemed to close upon their souls. During the day, the man worked with sullen determination.

The woman remained indoors, hands often idle, eyes vacantly on the horizon. In the evening, after supper, they sat in front of the shack, facing the West, and watched the sun go down under the level line at the end of the world. It was then that the menace of the prairie stood out strongest. The last light was never a benediction, but always something ominous. Its beauty was savage, over-powering. There was nothing to hide the fierce, red light. The earth stretched, level and unmarked except for a single, twisted scrub oak, drying slowly by the dry creek bed—an empty horror of unobstructed space that grew indistinct in the red dimness of approaching darkness.

On one such night they had stayed outside longer than usual. The man sat, chin in hand, looking heavily at the ground. His wife, narrow shoulders drooping, inexpressibly weary, watched the dusk growing in the sky. Finally he rose as though to enter the house. She got up silently. He caught her outline against the pale light. How frail she was! Never strong, she seemed more delicate now than before. He stepped to her.

"Say, Lizzie, aint you gettin' tired of this? Le's go back?"

She did not answer for a moment. He could see her hands open and close slowly. Then she said, "No, not yet."

A moment of silence and she flamed in sudden fierceness, "I don't see why everything's against us so. Back East, people looked down on us. We wasn't respectable—I don't know why. Ever since I can remember, I had to work, work, work,—from morning 'till night. What did I ever get for it? People thought there was something wrong with me because I never dressed up like they did. Even my folks called me 'poor Lizzy.' An' when you come along, last spring, it was the only good time I ever had. But we'll never go back. We'll stay right here.''

Barrett's face was grim at her unexpected outburst. He would not go back—and the injustice of it!

"It aint right," he broke out, suddenly, "it's dam' unfair!" His groan ended in a half-cry. The woman looked up at him, a look so full of desperate confidence, that he cursed again. She shivered. The evening breeze struck them coldly; they went inside.

In spite of his determination to remain, Barrett knew that they were in a desperate condition. Already he had to dig deep in the dry creek bed for water and they had exhausted one half of their second load of provisions. The horses, too, grew lean on the scant burned grass of the prairie. But they would have to face something worse than this before giving up!

The hot, dry weather continued. The sky was always bright. The crops lay dead on the fevered soil. All animal life, too, had vanished from the plains. One morning, the woman saw a crow flap-

ping heavily toward the shack. She watched in hope to see the bird alight—there had been so many birds in the spring—but it wavered only a moment above her and then swept its low flight on toward the East. She looked at the gray universe about her and her face, also gray, hardened into quivering defiance. It seemed as if eternity lay about them; the past was dead, the future did not exist. They were living in an eternal present, a void that would endure forever. And always the heat, the quivering heat, and the gray menace of the horizon.

Summer merged into early autumn. The nights grew chilly, though the noon sun still burned. All the green life of the spring was yellow and dry as tinder. From sun-rising to sun-setting, the man and woman hardly spoke. Helpless, in the midst of a power before which their strength was nothing, they waited. Yet, dulled as they were, body and soul, they defied the prairie, passive, yet unconquered.

But they were approaching desperation. Days of heavy idleness, few words spoken, a silent sky and a silent earth were corroding their souls like poison. Perhaps the lack of speech was hardest to endure. But what was there to say in the face of that wide, empty horror? Still they refused to yield.

As time passed, he saw that her strength was failing. A strangeness brooded about her from which her husband recoiled with a feeling of being haunted; he was unaware that the same haggard spirit looked out of his own eyes. He wished that they

might talk as in the careless days of spring—his heart swelled as he thought of those days. But it was impossible; the grip of the silent plains was on his throat. Why, he thought dumbly, did they need to be doomed? He tried prayer, but found that he was praying and cursing only to the power of the prairie.

One night, as they sat at supper, the man burst out with the bitterness of his heart. The woman listened, immovable. Her stolid silence and her brooding calmness filled him with sudden rage and he swore at her. His fingers gripped the edge of the table as though to keep him from striking her. She said nothing, but the wild anger of something at bay flashed in her eyes. When the tension relaxed, both felt a horror of the primitive animal each had seen in the other.

Next morning, as the man stood in the doorway, he noticed a haze at the north. Then he sniffed at the sharp morning air. Turning, he spoke to his wife and went out. A little later, the horses were plowing furrows around the shack. Toward the north, a deeper haze was growing. The horizon had a white, transparent color, as though a film of cloud were being drawn across the blue. The cloud-film grew rapidly. Then came the faint odor of smoke. The woman stopped a cry in her throat and stood, white-faced, hair awry in the morning wind. Had they not suffered enough? Then she started after her hus-

band. He did not stop plowing nor even look up at her.

The cloud in the north thickened. It became veined with streaks of dull red. As it climbed in the sky, its outline broke into ragged, grotesque peaks, standing black and tempestuous against the pale blue sky. Then the wind strengthened and an acrid heat swept toward them.

The man stopped his work and put his team in the stable. He stroked their necks for a moment. The bitterness had gone from him and he spoke gently to the woman. She tried to answer with a smile, but could not. He awkwardly tried to comfort her.

From the north came a vibrating hum; the man looked up. Then his hands clenched slowly. Sweeping toward them, a distant wall of fire shone red through the growing smoke, its flames darting in pointed, wavering spires. It was moving with incredible swiftness toward the shack.

Then the fire caught them. Burning bits of grass, carried over the ploughed strip, started small fires in the thatch roof of the shack. The two fought the flames with wet sacks, their faces showing hard and wild through the eddies of smoke. The thin, blank face of the woman was transformed, it was livid with hate—with the blood-lust of the brute.

Several times the flames caught the shack, but each time they were beaten out. The barn caught and the man unloosed the horses. A shrill scream as they bolted directly through the wall of fire, and then the flames hid them. There, with the fire roaring above, in the vortex of a blind, insensate force, the naked force of the prairie, they still fought, beating out the flames upon the shack. The woman fell several times. At last she lay quiet on the hot ground, and the man fought the fire alone. It seemed to eat into his lungs, his head roared with it. Then he, too, gave up. He drew the woman close to him and putting a wet sack over her face, he crouched close to the ground, breathing in big, rasping gasps.

It seemed an eternity. When it was over, the man got up. Far to the south the fire still retreated. All around lay the blackened face of the prairie, with the mockery of blue sky crouching above. The man stooped to uncover the face of his wife. She lay unconscious. He carried her to the shack. When she opened her eyes, they were so bright and hard that the man shrank from them.

But, as he saw the thin, white cheeks and the beating veins on her forehead, he knew that the remnant of life would not last long. And for this he was glad. A few hours later, with the fierce heat of noon beating in at the door, she died. She had not the harsh strength to live. Life had not played fair with her. Dry-eyed and staring, the man sat beside her bed. All that afternoon he sat there. His face had fallen into long, hard lines, and was grim yet with defiance. Outside, the prairie smoked in the hazy afternoon.

That night, as the sun painted the west, he buried her. Then, staring across the blackened land, he watched the dimming sky. The glow grew fainter in the west. The angry red burned down into softer orange and yellow. Gray light closed over it. The man stood there a long time, watching night deepen, the only living creature in all the blackened waste.

The next morning was gray with rain. The sky hovered near the earth and bound it in. The man came out of the shack with a bundle on his shoulders. Head bent, eyes to the ground, he walked away into the west, into the mysterious part of the horizon. His figure became vague as the mists hemmed him in. The rain ceased for a moment. In the distance his figure stood black against the bank of fog on the horizon. Then the rain commenced again and he was lost behind the gray clouds. All about, the prairie stretched away—cold, dreary, lifeless.

#### The Soul's Triumph

By John G. Neihardt

Oh seek me not within a tomb;
You shall not find me in the clay:
I pierce a little wall of gloom
To mingle with the day.

I brothered with the things that pass, Poor giddy Joy and puckered Grief: I go to brother with the grass And with the sunning leaf.

Not death can sheathe me in a shroud:
A joy-sword, whetted keen with pain,
I join the armies of the cloud,
The lightning and the rain!

Oh subtle in the sap a-thrill,
Athletic in the glad uplift,
A portion of the cosmic will,
I pierce the planet-drift.

My God and I shall interknit
As rain and ocean, breath and air:
And oh the luring thought of it
Is prayer!

#### Literature Local and General

By Johnson Brigham

It was possible for Keats, in a country village in England, to project his imagination into prehistoric Greece and people that world with gods and heroes and with youths and maidens personally conducted by heavenly guides. It has been found possible in our own time for Stephen Phillips, a strolling player with a Shakespearean vision, to look back over the walls of eighteen centuries and behold intensified the life of Herod's time with its fierce loves and hates. We take pride in the Indianan's remarkable achievement in picturing the age of the Man of Galilee so vividly that the dullest reader is brought to feel, as never before, the epic quality of the Gospel story.

World literature at its best, as in Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, and Browning, by reason of its largeness of treatment, its universality, and its grandeur, must ever stand highest in the world's esteem—an estimation not to be measured by the modern yardstick of circulation. But, great as are the achievements of the organ-voiced Miltons who create and people worlds, we cannot afford to deny ourselves the pleasure and profit to be derived from the humbler literary creations of those whose feet touch our earth, who reveal to us not ourselves alone but the life that is pulsating all about us. These writers also are discoverers. They, also, know the joy of the lone watcher of the skies, "when a new planet swims into

his ken." The lesser lights in our literary firmament reveal to us the overlooked beauties of our own abiding places on the earth, the half-guessed complications of character and conditions in our own community life. These are the real artists, historians and sociologists of our time. To them we are lastingly indebted.

Not a few creators of world literature have also been portrayers of local color and creators of local literature, and, as such, interpreters of local history and life. While their work on broader lines must ever command first place in the world's regard, their more realistic work has made the more lasting impression. This dual art can be illustrated in one and the same personality. Grand as is the world-poet Goethe in the highest reaches of his imagination, his masterpiece, Faust, really means most to us as the soul-biography of a simple German maiden. Reading the poem we turn back with relief from the poet's high and long after-flights of song to the heart-story of a maiden's first love and her tragic undoing.

Great as is the world-embracing Shakespeare, who breathed upon the almost lifeless mass of classical and mediaeval romance and made it a living soul, yet nowhere does the master move us more than when he invites the soul with homely English scenes and English life. Here we come under the magician's spell. While his forest of Arden, locate it where we will, must ever remain a poet's dream, on reading of it or on seeing it as the play is acted we

find ourselves delightfully at home in Shakespeare's England—our England, for he has made it ours—and we rejoice that we are made inheritors of such a home. Shakespeare has given added dignity even to English scenery, as he has to English history and life, thus further glorifying the high calling of literature and revealing the possibilities for the literary artist working in home fields. Let us take a single illustration of the master's power to dignify scenes in which the common mind, unassisted by the poet's spiritualized vision, sees only common things.

Early one morning, after a short night ride from Ostend, our steamer pierced the fog enveloping the harbor at Dover, and soon we found ourselves waiting for the train from Dover to London. In time the fog lifted and, as we walked and talked, our vision peopled the pebbly beach with Shakespeare's warring hosts as they appear in the matchless tragedy, King Lear. Yonder chalky cliff, not overwhelming to those of us who had stood in the presence of the great peaks of the Rocky Mountains, took on new grandeur as we recalled the fact that Shakespeare's Lear, as real to us as any of England's Richards or Henrys, had trod this height and on the higher height beyond had called down upon his foes the oak-cleaving thunderbolt; and that of Dover cliff Edgar had drawn for the blind Gloucester this memorable word-picture:

"How fearful And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low! The crows and choughs that wing the midway air Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

The fishermen that walk upon the beach Appear like mice. . . . . . .

That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more, Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight Topple down headlong."

Greatness is at most a relative term. The artist who paints with glowing truth the bend of vonder river, making those who have passed it by a hundred times see its beauty all undreamt of before, is surely great,-though not to be compared with the worldgreatness of the artist whose soul conceives a world in the making or a new earth and a new heaven. So he who pictures, in words that linger in the memory, the life of to-day on an Iowa prairie or can visualize the life of Iowa's pioneers with its receding background of Indian savagery, is unquestionably great, -though clearly not comparable with a Shakespeare. "on whose forehead climb the crowns o' the world," or a Milton, "skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity, God-gifted organ-voice of England," or an Aeschylus, projector of "dread shapes of Titan stature, emblems of Fate, and Change, Revenge, and Grief and Death, and Life."

#### Fancy

#### By Mahlon Leonard Fisher

He fills a dizzy cup for me: I dream

(As dreams the child, perchance, before 't is born)

Of lawns with all their grassiness unshorn,

And old aromas rising in a stream

So steadily inebrious they seem

To be the blended breath of all the flowers

Which fled from lockless insubstantial towers

The easy breezes ruined. I redeem

From sloth the shallop-shape that endless lay,

Long rotting, at unreal quays, and raise

A silk-and-silver ensign where it plays

With every zephyr; then forsake the bay—

The bay where late a flaming beacon shone —

And on a lonely sea set out alone!

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Messrs. Harper announce a new edition of their ten volume *Encyclopedia of U. S. History* at an early date.

Many Middle Western readers will feel especial interest in the new volume entitled *Citizens in Industry*, by the late Dr. Charles Richmond Henderson, just published by Messrs. Appleton.

The recent publication of the Macmillan Company, *Income*, by Dr. Scott Nearing, is given peculiar interest by the author's recent lamentable removal from the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Ernest Reece, of the Library School of Illinois, is the author of a valuable monograph on State Documents for Libraries, issued as Number 36 of Volume XII of the University of Illinois Bulletin.

Literary California, an anthology of selections in prose and verse from Californian writers, has been compiled by Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels. The work will contain biographical and bibliographical material, and a full index. It will appear in the near future from the publishing house of John J. Newbegin, San Francisco.

Samuel Merwin, the Middle Western novelist who was joint author of that great book of the wheat belt, Calumet K, has recently published a new novel, The Honey Bee (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis), which is attracting very favorable attention from the critics. It is a story of the modern American business woman, told with all Mr. Merwin's zest and wholesome energy.

Two recent publications from the Government Printing Office are of interest to collectors of Americana and students of the American Indian. These are: A Dictionary of the Choctaw Language, by Cyrus Byington, edited by John R. Swanton and Henry S. Halbert; and a List of Publications of the Bureau of American Ethnology, with Index to Authors and Titles.

Professor Edwin Watts Chubb, Dean of Ohio University, is the author of a volume of Sketches of Great Painters, recently published by the Stewart and Kidd Company of Cincinnati. It consists of fifteen informal chapters on as many artists, written from a non-technical standpoint. The book will prove of real interest and value to the great majority of picture-lovers.

The Rocky Mountain Wonderland (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Enos A. Mills, is a record of a life-time devoted to our great mountains and their wild inhabitants. It contains not only general description of scenery and discussion of resources, but also detailed studies of the lives of the mountain dwellers—mammals and birds and plants. The writer has grown old in his love of the Rockies, and the book is a treasure-house of rich experience.

An interesting field for publications is entered by the new book, Nature and Science on the Pacific Coast, edited under the supervision of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It consists of a group of thirty-one essays, by specialists in their respective fields, on the natural history and resources, and political, social, and literary development of the Far West. All are adequate, condensed, non-technical discussions. Valuable maps and half-tones are included in the volume. Altogether, the enterprising

people of the Far West have produced here the sort of work which should be done for every part of the country. Credit is due to the editors and contributors and also to the enterprising publishing house, Messrs. Paul Elder & Co., which has put the book out. It is to be hoped that the Middle West will soon offer support to a publishing house which will do as enthusiastic work for the region as this house does for the Far West.

Volume Fifteen of the Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society contains, with few exceptions, the papers and addresses delivered before the society during the years 1909-1914. A large part of the volume is taken up with valuable reminiscences of early life in Minnesota. Some three or four of the papers deal specifically with the Indian troubles of the early days of the territory and state. Papers on the history of the parks and public grounds of Minneapolis and St. Paul are of general as well as local Most interesting is the report by the museum committee of the society on The Kensington Rune Stone. This stone was discovered in the year 1898 on a farm near Kensington, Minnesota. The inscription on it, written in Runic characters, purports to be the writing of certain Northmen who penetrated this far into the continent in the year 1362, a century and a quarter before the voyage of Columbus. The genuineness of the inscription has been the topic of much discussion during the years since its discovery. Internal and external evidence have been cited both for and against it. The inscription was early pronounced spurious by noted runologists. It is interesting, therefore, to find that the committee charged with the investigation of the entire matter declare, in this year, their belief that the inscription is "a true historic record."

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The July number of The Teepee Book, the promising little magazine published by Herbert Coffeen at Sheridan, Wyoming, possesses especial interest. A story entitled Wild Fruit is contributed by Elia W. Peattie, literary editor of The Chicago Tribune. The poem by Badger Clark, The Canyon Trail, is a fine, swinging song of the mountains. Lotta Allen Meecham contributes her version of the Indian legend of Old Man Coyote and the Whirlwind. Readers interested in the western region will do well to look up The Teepee Book.

Perhaps the most interesting item in The Mid-West Quarterly for July, from the point of view of many of our readers, is the article by Alvin S. Johnson on The Professor Who Publishes. Other contributions to this valuable number are: Nietzsche, by P. H. Frye; French Opinions of Our Civil War, by L. M. Sears; Pacifism and the French Revolution, by Charles Kuhlmann; and A Classical Romanticist, by George R. Throop.

The July number of *Poetry* is introduced by a poem from the pen of Padraic Colum, the Irish poet now lecturing in this country. In *Polonius and the Ballad Singers* he gives a picture of three strolling musicians with samples of the conventional songs still sung by these minstrels. Several comparatively unknown poets are represented in this issue, among them Leyland Huckfield, whose *Haunted Reaping* holds one with a certain weirdness slightly reminiscent of *The Ancient Mariner*.

